

## King's Children.

What are the Young People's Societies of the Brethren church doing? Do you workers in this department know that you have a whole page in the EVANGELIST to fill with the good things pertaining to your work? We desire to fill this page with helpful matter and instructive reading. The Editor can not write a page on this work every week.

What are your committees doing? Have you found any successful *new* way of doing any part of your work?

How are your Juniors doing in their work? How do you interest them in the work? What work do you have them do?

Now my dear workers in the K. C. and C. E. Societies and in the Guilds, tell us how you do work that tells. You will help others.

### COMMITTEE WORK.

Have you learned the value and necessity of good committees in your society? The loss you sustain as a society if you are weak in this line can only be realized where you once witness the great work that only committees can do.

The committee plan has many advantages, not the least of which may be mentioned these few.

1. It fixes responsibility for a particular work.
2. It concentrates effort.
3. It enlists more workers.
4. It develops talent in those who are backward. There is such a large field of work open to the Committee on Literature. Have you occupied this field? What a beautiful service the flower committee can do these hot Summer days in carrying a bouquet to some sick room,—Every flower a silent evangel of love.

We fill this page this week with the following selection from the pen of the gifted Dr. J. R. Miller, published in "The Golden Rule."

### THINGS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE.

There are things that are not worth while. If a man lives seventy years, and then leaves nothing good behind him, nothing that will stay in the world after he is gone, enriching it, beautifying it, sweetening its life, has it been really worth while for him to live?

There are things that are worth while. A man spends his seventy years in humble Christian life. He fears God and walks in God's commandments. He makes no marked success according to the world's rating. He is even spoken of by others with a sort of pity, as a man that has never been successful. Yet all the while he

has lived honestly and faithfully in his place. While other men have been fighting for position, scrambling for honor, thinking meanwhile only of self, he has been giving out his life in generous love, serving others, doing good. He has not got on in the world, and his hands are empty at the last. But there is a success that is not measured by the standards of the business world. There is an invisible sphere in which values are not rated by dollars and cents, but by their moral character. In that sphere a cup of cold water given to a thirsty one in the name of Christ will count for more than the piling of a fortune for self. Hence it is that a man that has seemed unsuccessful, but nevertheless has been doing good all the while in Christ's name, living unselfishly, has really achieved a success that lifts his name to high honor.

Sometimes in the country you will see an old water-wheel outside of a mill. The water fills its buckets, and all day long it turns round and round in the sunshine. It seems to be working in vain. You see nothing that it is doing by its constant motion. But its shaft runs through the wall, and within the mill it turns the stones that grind the wheat, and the bolts that prepare the flour for the bread that feeds hundreds; or it runs the looms that weave the fabrics that keep many warm in winter. There are lives that with all their ceaseless toiling seem to be accomplishing nothing; yet they reach through the veil into the sphere of the unseen, and there they make blessing and good whose value is incalculable.

In India they tell the story of the Golden Palace. Sultan Ahmed was a great king. He sent Yakoob, the most skilful of his builders, with a large sum of money to erect in the mountains of snow the most splendid palace ever seen. Yakoob went to the place, and found a great famine prevailing among the people. Instead of building the palace he took the money and gave it to buy bread for the starving people. At length came Ahmed to see his palace, and there was no palace there. He sent for Yakoob and learned his story, but grew very angry, and cast the builder into chains. "To-morrow thou shalt die," he said, "for thou hast robbed thy king." But that night Ahmed had a wonderful dream. There came to him one in shining garments, who said, "Follow me." Up they soared from earth until they came to heaven's gate. They entered, and lo, there stood a palace of pure gold more brilliant than the sun. "What palace is this?" asked Ahmed. His guide answered: "This is the palace of Merciful Deeds, built for thee by Yakoob the wise. Its glory shall

endure when all earth's things have passed away." Then the king understood that Yakoob had done most wisely with his money.

It is only a heathen legend, but its teaching is true. If we are doing true work, we need not concern ourselves about visible results. Though in self-denying life we build no palaces on earth, we are piling far nobler walls beyond the skies. The money we give in service and sacrifice of helpfulness may add nothing to our bank account, but it is laid up as treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume it, where thieves do not break through nor steal.

It is worth while to turn away from our own cherished plans any hour, to do the deeds of love that God may send to our hand. It is not easy for us to have our own ways broken into. We do not like to have our pleasures and our congenial occupations interrupted by calls to do services for others. Yet no doubt these services are oftentimes the most splendid acts of all that our hands find to do. They are fragment of God's will breaking into the schedule of our own will, pieces of angel ministry to which we are called in the midst of our worldly work. The divinest services of each day are the deeds of love that God sends across our way. The half-hour the busy man takes from his business to comfort a sorrow, to help a discouraged brother start again, to lift up one that has fainted by the way, to visit a sick neighbor and minister consolation, or to give a young person needed counsel, is the half-hour of the day that will shine the most brightly when the records of life are unfolded before God.

Whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer is worth while. One that plants a flower in a bare place where only blackness was before is a benefactor. One that says an encouraging word to a disheartened neighbor, gives a look of love to a lonely one, or speaks a sentence that may become strength, guidance, or comfort to another, does something worth while. We never know how small a thing may become a benediction to a human life.

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought  
Could never by pen or tongue be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold."

It was worth while for David to write the twenty-third psalm to go singing everywhere to the end of time. It was worth while for Mary to break the alabaster vase, pouring the nard on the head and feet of the Master; all the world is sweeter ever since from the perfume of her ointment. Every singer that has sung a pure, joyous song has given something to earth to